

A
L E T T E R

FROM

MURTAGH FEAGAN,

COUSIN GERMAN TO

DENIS FEAGAN,

OF

EDENDERRY:

IN ANSWER TO

DARBY TRACY,

OF

LONDON, CHAIRMAN.

SREWING

(NOTHING BUT TRUTH.)

DUBLIN:

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NEAR CARLISLE-BRIDGE.

1800.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letter from Murtagh Feagan was found at the Grand Canal Harbour after the arrival of the boat, on the 22d ult. and sent to us by a friend. We must apologize to Murtagh, to whose opinions we give credit, for the liberty we have taken in printing it; and to appease him, we will tell him a story. A boy who had left his mother and gone to sea, wrote to her from one of the sea-ports, and directed it,—“To my Mother in London.”—The mother having been a considerable time without hearing from “her child,” went to the post-office, and asked if they had any letter to her from “my son.”—The clerk recollected having a letter directed to “my mother,” and gave it to her—In this he was right—Probably but for the irregularity of conveyance, the public would have been deprived of the correspondence of Darby and his friends, for which we have so great a regard that we trust the same inconvenience will continue for some time yet to come.



LETTER, &c.

I JUST seen your very kind letter from London, to my Cousin German *Denis Feagan*, of Edenderry, breeches-maker, in print—for that was the way he saw it first—Between you and I, the man who found it was no gentleman, as a body may say, for sending it to a printer before he got my Cousin's leave to do so; but may-be he knew that my Cousin could only read print, and that was his reason. I should like to have seen the letter itself, because I know when you left your country to seek your fortune in London as you said, you could neither read nor write,

My dear Darby, I have had your letter read to me with a great deal of attention; for though I am a huxter man by trade, and have a wife and six children to support, yet there is so little call in my way, that I have plenty of time on my hands. If I did not know, *Darby*, how near you are to Newgate, I would almost believe from your politics, that you did, as you say, ply at Saint James's. I know, *Darby*, you are not a chairman, though I have no doubt you deserve to be strapped between the poles; for indeed, my *dear Darby*, the stocks, the whipping posts, the cart's tail, and the gallows, are poles well suited to such friends to their country as you are; and I think half an hour's punishment in the *ordinary*

way would be of great service to a person like you my dear Darby.

By "*the likes of us*," my dear Darby, I dare say you mean the common people of this poor country; and by the way of serving "*the likes of us*" you would set us all by the ears? You would set the oranges and the lemons a squeezing of each other, that by destroying themselves, and of course "*the likes of us*," the union which you say will be of such use would be brought about.

What does it matter to you or to me, my dear Darby, how the counsellors at law as you call them, get their money in this poor Country; but this "*the likes of us*" know, that let them get it as they will, such of them as have it spend it amongst us. And my dear Darby, though the copperashion, as you call them, which is a wrong name, as the man that printed your letter says, do the things you say they they do, and do not love a bone in the skin of "*the likes of us*" yet a great many poor people earn good and honest bread by supplying their Worships with Turbot and Soals, and other fish; besides fat geese, turkies, crammed fowl, and all other kinds of good eatables and drinkables. So that Darby dear, whatever you may think of them, they are not so bad neither.

My dear Darby, as for the borough mongers with whom you seem in such a passion, and abuse so much; no doubt a reformation amongst them is very much wanting as I hear: but still, my dear Darby, let who will buy them or sell them, or let who will pay the piper—why though they do sell themselves as a body may say, and have sold their
Country

Country over and over again as you say, yet the money they get is spent at home amongst us, and helps to support "*the likes of us*," by giving employments to all kinds of trades and manufactures; and only for the regulation that prevents ribbons being worn, I hear the weavers would have good business when there was an election.

And why, my *dear Darby*, do you begrudge *Jack Foster* six thousand pounds a year for all the care he takes of the Country?—as if all that money too did not go amongst "*the likes of us*." Sure all that know *Jack* knows this of him, that by the great interest he had amongst the parliament men, he turned the waste grounds of Ireland, from the bogs in the valley, to the heath on the top of the mountains, into corn fields: and sure every body knows it is not his fault that we can hardly get bread to buy for love or money.

And what do we care, my *dear Darby*, if that *Pat Duignan* as you call him, is the same black-muzzled little fellow that used to be waiting on the priest and serving mass at Arran-Quay chapple; sure he is but one man, and does what he pleases without troubling his head about "*the likes of us*," and why should we mind him.

Now my *dear Darby* if our Parliament is to be united, as we hear in this part of the Country it is to be, I am told there will be three hundred estates gentlemen from this Country sitting in the English house of commons representing the people of Ireland, and I am told that if they only spend *two hundred* pounds a year each in the city of London, that it would of course be taking *sixty thousand* pounds a year

year out of Ireland ; and I am also told by the same person who passes for a great scholar in this part of the Country, that there will be *fifty* lords sitting in the English house of lords representing themselves ; and they, you know, must support their dignity— and that if they spend *three thousand pounds* apiece in the city of London a year, that then Dublin will loose *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds* a year more. And I hear that of course Ireland will loose every year during the union *two hundred and ten thousand pounds*. I don't know, *dear Darby*, if I have been told truth, but I wish you would enquire about it, and let me know ; and if Ireland won't loose by it, let me know what she will make ; because you know I have no learning. But my *dear Darby*, if it should be the case that Dublin will loose so much, why then the shop-keepers may shut up their shops, for there will be a plentiful scarcity of every thing ; and as a ballot finger in this country says,

“ Turnips will grow in the Royal Exchange

“ And Cabbages down a long Dame-street.”

So that the devil a merchant, shop-keeper, or workman will be found in the whole city, nor a landlord in the country ; for the landlords will all go off to England ; and the poor tenants will be peeled alive like so many boiled potatoes by those cruel and bloody savages the agents and under agents of the landlords, between whom and the flint-skinners of proctors, and tythe proctors, “ *the likes of us* ” would be left as bare as so many plucked geese ; and if ever we get a bit of bread it will put the children in mind of other times, and they

they will be apt to cry out, "Oh mammy do you remember the day we had the *meat*."

No doubt, *Darby*, the union you talk of will make gentlemen of "*the likes of us*," just in the same manner as I hear it made gentlemen of the Scotch; for I remember my grand-father who went to that country harvest making, sing an old song made by one of those men called English wits, every verse of which ended with

"Lousy Scot I tell you again,

"The Union will make you all gentlemen."

by which it was meant that "*the likes of us*" in Scotland should be made gentlemen soldiers to fight for Englishmen, who never fail when a battle is won, to keep all the glory to themselves.

You seem very much surprized, my *dear Darby*, that United Irishmen and Orangemen should hug each other and oppose the Union: but do you forget that they are all natives; and that there is nothing unnatural when the credit and interest of our country is at stake, and when the servants of the English ministers want to destroy both, that natives though they may disagree among themselves, should join together to oppose a common enemy. It is just like what you and I, *Darby*, have often seen, where a man and his wife fall out, and fall a fighting together, and a *stranger* goes between them, that they both fall upon him, and the only union that takes place is a union amongst—themselves. It is then they forget the cause of their quarrel, and acknowledge the love that should keep them together; it is then, my *dear Darby*, that they call together their children and relations and neighbours, and in
lightning

a flash of lightening forget their dispute while they
 “ drink *success to old Ireland.*” When did you
 drink that toast last, my *dear Darby*?

Ah, *dear Darby*! you cannot get at the blind
 side of me so easily as you thought to get at the
 blind side of my cousin, when you told him that
 taxes upon land lords are paid by themselves, and
 do not fall upon “ *the likes of us.*” No, *Darby*, a
 tax is like bribery, it begins with the great and it
 ends with the small. Don’t try to coax us into a
 Union upon that head, *Darby*, if you love me. I
 know the poor of England were once happy; and
 you know they are now complaining; for the
 English army and militia that are come over here,
 I don’t include the skeleton regiments from Hol-
 land that are come over to recruit for the next
 secret expedition, have almost every man of them
 good trades, but were obliged to enlist for want of
 employment. One regiment, to be sure, I hear
 was remarkably industrious whilst in this Country;
 for it is to them we are indebted for the only little
 ready money at present to be got. If they could so
 easily turn copper into silver, why can’t we turn
 some of our manufacture into gold?

Dear Darby, my friend the schoolmaster who is
 writing this for me, is obliged to attend his scholars.
 So I have no more to add, but that I will stay as
 I am; and to the devil I bob your advice, my
dear Darby.

his
 MURTAGH ✕ FEAGAN.
 mark.

Edenderry, 22d Dec. 1799.

